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By J. M. MORTON.

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BY APPEARANCES.

A FARCE IN ONE ACT.

BY

JOHN MADDISON MORTON.

BOSTON:
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DON'T JUDGE BY APPEARANCES.

CHARACTERS.

(*Royal Princess'*, *London*, 1855.)

MAJOR PEPPER		Mr. Cooper.
FRANK TOPHAM		Mr. G. Everett.
JOHN PLUMP (servant to Pepper)		Mr. Meadows.
DIANA, ANGELINA	nieces to Major Pepper.	Miss Charlotte LeClerq. / Miss Eglinton.

COSTUMES.

Pepper. — Morning gown, white wig, gray trousers, vest, red slippers, black handkerchief.

Frank. — Blue frock coat, black trousers, cap same as the boys of the college at Paris.

John. — Brown livery, stripe vest, drab smalls, gaiters.

Diana. — Blue cloth jacket, braided blue silk skirt, ankle boots with blue silk gaiter, white pearl buttons, small straw hat and peacock's feather.

Angelina. — White muslin.

DON'T JUDGE BY APPEARANCES.

SCENE. — *A prettily furnished sitting-room. — At* C. *a large door leading to a garden which is seen beyond; large French window,* R.C.; *doors,* R. *and* L.; *tables, chairs, sofa, work-table, etc., etc.*

MAJOR PEPPER *seated at table in his morning-gown; he holds an open letter in one hand, and a small bell in the other, which he is ringing as the curtain rises.*

Major. (*Reads.*) "Paris, Monday morning. Dear uncle, as Charles and I are thoroughly tired of our French College life, we shall gladly present ourselves at Pepper Lodge on the day and at the hour you mention. Your affectionate nephew, Frank Topham." This is the day, and the hour named was nine o'clock. (*Looks at his watch.*) Bless me! it only wants a quarter, and I haven't said a word to the girls about their cousins' arrival; and, what's more, I don't think I shall. The surprise will be all the more agreeable; but I suppose I must give them a hint as to the matrimonial intentions I have in view for them. I wonder where the deuce they are. John! (*Reads letter, then rings the bell again violently.*) John — John Plump! Confound the fellow! Now let me be cool; for if once I get in a passion, the chances are I shall lose my temper — I always do, John Plump! (*Ringing again, and shouting at the top of his voice.*)

Enter JOHN, *slowly, at door* L.H.

John. I believe you called, zur?

Major. Yes, I believe I did, rather.

John. I thought I heard 'e!

Major. Indeed! Then why *didn't* you come?

John. I *be* come!

Major. "Be come!" Hark'e, you know very well that I'm naturally of a mild and gentle disposition.

John. No, I don't.

Major. Don't you? Then how is it I did not kick you out of the house twenty years ago?

John. I suppose because you thought I should kick again, he! he!

Major. O lud! O lud! my poor head!

John. Yes, zur, doctor says whatever's the matter with us is sure to fly to the weakest part. I never have nothing the matter with my head.

Major. Thank your stars, sir, that I'm in danger of being laid up with the gout.

John. I do, sir; and I hope and trust I shall have cause to be thankful for a lông time to come.

Major. Ugh! (*Making a blow at* JOHN.) Where are your young ladies?

John. *My* young ladies?

Major. My nieces, idiot.

John. Ah, sir, there'll be something dreadful happen one of these days with Miss Di.

Major. Miss Di! How dare you call her Di?

John. That's what you call her, zur.

Major. My niece's name, sir, is Diana. If I choose to call her Di, for short, that's no reason *you* should; so, for the future, never say Di!

John. I won't, zur. Well, zur, as I was rolling the gravel walk just now with the roller, just as I got close to the big lilac-tree, I felt something cold against the side of my head, — it was the muzzle of a gun.

Major. A gun!

John. Yes, zur, a gun; and at t'other end of it was Miss Di—ana!

Major. Ha! ha! ha!

John. It was no laughing matter; s'pose the gun had gone off?

Major. Against your head? It wouldn't have hurt you.

John. Perhaps not; but it frouted me.

Major. (*Disgusted.*) Frouted you!

John. Ees; and so I took to my heels, and Miss Di—ana set up a "Yoicks! yoicks!" "Tally ho!" after me, just as if I'd been a fox broke cover.

Major. Ha! ha! Di has rather a highty-flighty style with her, — but no wonder; she was spoiled by her father, fighting Dick Pepper of the thirty-third, as he was called. He allowed her her own way in everything, whereas, her sister, Angelina — (*Rises and advances.*)

John. Ah, there's a gentle creature, zur; such a sweet temper, — she's an angel!

Major. *She* was her *mother's* pet. Ah, poor, gentle Mary! I promised to take care of your girls, and I will. (*Takes out handkerchief, and wipes his eyes, crossing* L.)

John. Ees, zur, we will. (*Wiping his eyes.*)

Major. What the devil are you blubbering and making a fool of yourself for?

John. 'Cause *you* be!

Major. Have you told my nieces I wish to speak to them?

John. No, zur. I was a-going to tell Miss Di—ana, only she frouted me; and Miss Angelina — here she be, zur, — here she be!

Enter ANGELINA, C., *in a sober, quiet, morning-dress.*

Angel. Good-morning, uncle! (*Running and kissing him.*)

Major. Good-morning, my dear! And pray, where have you been, eh?

Angel. Strolling in the dewy fields; listening to the carolling of the birds, and breathing the morning air, perfumed with the violet and the cowslip.

John. (*Aside.*) How beautiful she do talk!

Major. The dewy fields! very pleasant, no doubt, my dear; but I hope you'd got your American overshoes on.

Angel. Overshoes! My dear uncle, that would destroy the poetry.

Major. Perhaps it would; but they'd keep your feet dry.

Angel. Oh, fie! fie! fie!

John. Oh, fie! fie! fie!

Major. Hold your tongue, sir! Do you know where that tomboy of a sister of yours is?

Angel. As I crossed the lawn, just now, she was half way up the tall apple-tree.

Major. Ha! ha! ha!

John. Ha! ha! ha!

Major. (*To* JOHN.) Go and desire the young lady to come down from her perch.

John. Ees, zur. (*Runs up towards* C.; *a report of a gun is heard.*) Help! murder! (*Falls on the sofa.*)

Major. What the devil's that?

Diana. (*Without.*) Down, Ponto! Down, good dog! (*Appears outside the window at* R.C. *She is dressed in an eccentric, half-masculine shooting costume, and has a double-barrelled gun.*) How do, uncle? Quite well, uncle?

Major. (R.) Hark'e, Miss Di—

Diana. (*Suddenly.*) O uncle, here's such a flock of pigeons flying over here! are they yours?

Major. No, no. They belong to my neighbor, the colonel. He's very particular about his pigeons.

Diana. Look out! (*Fires in the air, — a pigeon falls.*)

John. Help! murder! (*Burying his head in the sofa-pillow.*)

Major. Oh, my poor head! (*Sits.*)

DIANA *comes on* C., *holding the pigeon.*

Diana. Not a bad shot, uncle, — eh? Here, John! John! (*Poking* JOHN *with the muzzle of the gun.*)

John. (*Raising his head, and finding it close to the muzzle of the gun.*) Help! murder!

Diana. Ha! ha! ha! Here, take this pigeon to the cook, and tell her to devil it for my uncle's breakfast. D'ye hear? (*Flinging the pigeon in* JOHN'S *face, as he raises his head.*)

John. Help! murder! (*Taking the pigeon, and running off.*)

Major. Stop! let me have my hot water.

Diana. Yes, let's have our hot water.

Major. And my shaving tackle.

Diana. And our shaving tackle. Begone!

(*Pointing gun at* JOHN, *who runs roaring out at door,* R.U.E.)

Major. Now, young ladies, come here. I have something to say to both of you.

Angel. Here I am, dear uncle. (*Brings chair from* R.H. *table to* L.H.)

Major. (L.H.) Well, Miss Di — did you hear what I said, Miss Di?

Diana. (*Shouldering her gun like a musket.*) Attention! right shoulders forward! march! halt! present arms! shoulder arms! order arms! stand at ease! (DIANA *executes the above.*)

Major. (*Moves chair to* C.) Ha! ha! capital! What a madcap it is! but now be serious. Ahem! my dear nieces, I have a matter of the utmost importance to communicate to you.

Diana. Then I vote we postpone the business in question till after breakfast.

Major. Holloa! holloa! no murmuring in the ranks.

Diana. But I'm starving, — so serve out the rations. I demand my rations.

Major. Silence, I say! and sit down.

Diana. (*Takes her seat on the table with a jump.*) Now, governor, go on. (*Examining the lock of her gun, and dangling her feet to and fro.*)

Major. Now — ahem! the first thing I have to observe is — (*Finding the muzzle of the gun in a direct line with his head.*) If it's all the same to you, I should feel considerably more comfortable if the muzzle of that gun was pointed in any other direction than that of my head.

Diana. Lor', governor, it isn't loaded. (*Gets off table, poking him with gun.*)

Major. No matter, — keep the muzzle from my head. Come here, and sit down. Now, my children, listen to me. (DIANA *takes a low stool, and sits at his feet; takes out a pocket-handkerchief, and wipes the lock of her gun.*) I call you my dear children, because, on a solemn occasion like the present — (*With solem-*

nity. DIANA *snaps the gun — starting.*) I wish you'd put that gun down, my dear.

Diana. I must just wipe up the locks, — they'd get rusty.

Major. Rusty! (*Attempting to assume an impressive manner, and yet keeping an eye fixed on the gun.*) I have summoned you, my dear children, to tell you that the day has at length dawned, this most important day — important to you — important, I may say to — (*Here* DIANA *snaps gun again.*) I insist upon your giving me that gun.

Diana. Well, but uncle —

Major. Give me that gun, I say. (*Takes gun from* DIANA.)

Diana. You don't suppose I'd point a gun at your head. There's nothing in it.

Major. My head?

Diana. No!

Major. (*Puts it down in corner of the stage, then reseating himself.*) Now, then. (*Taking off his green spectacles, and taking a pinch of snuff; lays his spectacles and snuff-box on table.*) As I was about to observe just now, I have an important communication to —

Diana. (*Who has taken a large pinch of snuff.*) Atchi!

Major. I repeat, an important — I may say a solemn —

Diana. Atchi! — how nice! I do love a good sneeze.

Major. Have you quite done?

Diana. (*Trying to sneeze, and not being able.*) Yes; the fun's all over; so go on, uncle.

Major. The day has at length dawned — (*With solemnity, and raising his arm.*)

Diana. I should think so; it's past eight o'clock. At this rate the day'll go on dawning till it's time to go to bed. Is it likely to be a long story, uncle? because, as breakfast won't be ready for half an hour, I've ordered the Cossack to be saddled.

Major. You shan't ride to-day!

Diana. Shan't?

Major. Shan't!

Diana. Uncle Sam, can you look me in the face, and say that naughty word again?

Major. (*Rising.*) I can — I do! (*Looking at* DIANA, *who by this time has put on the* MAJOR'S *green spectacles from off the table, and looks him full in the face; the* MAJOR *tries to look grave, and then bursts out laughing.*) Ha! ha! ha! there's no being angry with you, Di; so kiss me, you rogue, kiss me. (*Kisses* DIANA.)

Diana. (*Rubbing her cheek.*) Lor', Uncle Sam, you haven't shaved this morning!

Major. Ha! ha! Now, Di, pray be quiet; you'll oblige me by not interrupting me for the next three minutes.

Diana. Of course not. Why didn't you say so before? (*Taking up the snuff-box, and turning the lid, which makes a violent noise, à la Robert Macaire.*)

Major. There! there! you're beginning again as usual. O lud! O my poor head! (*Box noise again.*)

Angel. Sister, sister, how can you make such a noise?

Major. I'll come to the point at once. (DIANA *gives box another turn;* MAJOR *snatches it out of her hand, and putting it in his pocket — shouting.*) Silence! (*Walks up and down* C.)

Diana. (*As loud as she can bawl.*) Silence! (*Taking up the inkstand, and knocking on the table with it.*) Order! order! order! An honorable member is about to address the house. "The day has at length dawned!" Go on, uncle.

Angel. Diana, your spirits run away with you. Pray, be more circumspect. Now, dear uncle.

Major. My dear girls, you are now eighteen years old, each of you —

Diana. Twins generally *are* of the same age.

Major. I repeat, you are each of you eighteen —

Diana. And twice eighteen is thirty-six.

Major. Exactly! and therefore *at* thirty-six it is high time that a young girl —

Diana. A young girl at *thirty-six!* Ha! ha! you mean an old maid.

Major. *You* said *eighteen!* *I* said *thirty-six!* No, *I* said — 'pon my life, I don't know *what* I said. Let me see, where did I leave off?

Diana. (*Imitating* MAJOR.) "The day has at length dawned."

Major. Pooh! I repeat that at thirty-six — I mean eighteen, — it's high time that girls should be married.

Diana. Hear! hear! hear! Oh, this is what the day has been so long dawning about, — is it?

Major. Come, girls, what say you to a *husband* apiece, eh?

Diana. Only one?

Angel. I'm ready to obey you in everything, uncle, particularly — I mean especially — (*Looking down.*)

Major. Exactly! You're a sensible girl, Angelina, and you'll be the joy and comfort of your husband, as you have been of my gray hairs. As for you, Di, I suppose you've never thought about the matter at all.

Diana. Oh, haven't I, though?

Major. Hush, madcap! Angelina is ready to marry any young man I think proper.

Angel. (*Sighing.*) Heigho!

Major. What's the matter?

Angel. Nothing, uncle.

Major. Well, relying on your obedience, I have found two very charming young men ready to sacrifice themselves — I mean *devote* themselves — to your happiness. One is quiet, discreet, and steady —

Diana. Rather slow. You don't mean him for me, I hope?

Major. No. I have too much consideration for him. He will be Angelina's husband; the other —

Diana. Well?

Major. Is, like yourself, Miss Di, wild and ungovernable — in short, a perfect devil!

Diana. Thank'e, uncle. Then a pretty bobbery there will be between us. But, uncle, there's one trifling obstacle to your plan of the campaign.

Major. And what's that?

Diana. Simply that I don't intend to commit matrimony just at present.

Major. And pray, why not?

Diana. Because no young woman ought to take a husband till she has sown her wild oats.

Major. Hark'e, Miss Di; a husband you *shall* have, and one of my providing. Look to your sweet sister there; she'd marry half-a-dozen husbands, if I thought proper.

Diana. Ah! that might tempt *me.* (ANGELINA *goes up.*)

Major. Silence! I have issued my commands.

Diana. Yes. The day has dawned at last with a vengeance!

Enter JOHN, R.H.U.E., *with a large jug of hot water.*

John. Here be your hot water, zur. Shall I take it to your room, zur?

Major. No. Come here; put the jug down.

John. Ees, zur. (*About to set it down on the carpet.*)

Major. (*After looking mysteriously about him, in an undertone to* JOHN.) Where's the gardener?

Major. (*Looking mysteriously about him, then in an undertone to* MAJOR.) I don't know.

Major. Go and find him.

John. Ees, zur. (*Going.*)

Major. Stop! tell him to take up his post at the end of the avenue. (*Aside to* JOHN.)

John. Ees, zur. (*Going.*)

Major. And to be sure and stop at his post, and — (*Whispers* JOHN.)

Diana. (*Aside to* ANGELINA.) I wonder what's going on at head-quarters? (*Advancing a step on tiptoe, and trying to listen.*)

Major. (*Aloud.*) Now you thoroughly understand me, John?

John. Ees, zur. (*Aside.*) The gardener is to go to the end of the avenue, and stand on a post till he sees two young gentlemen. (*Go up* C.)

Major. (*With importance.*) Now, young ladies, you'll be good enough to reflect upon the communication I have just made, while you are shaving — I mean, while I *am* shaving. As for you, Miss Di, if you don't curb that rebellious spirit of yours, the chances are you'll get yourself into hot water. (*Holding out*

his hand, and putting his fingers in the jug.) Confound the hot water! (*To* JOHN.) You go and do as I told you. (*Goes out with jug,* L.H.)

Diana. Stop, John! (*Putting herself in* JOHN'S *way, as he is going out,* C.) Halt!

John. Well, but Miss Di—ana —

Diana. What was our respected uncle whispering about just now?

John. (C.) I mustn't tell.

Angel. (R.H.) That's right, John; if my uncle has a secret, it would be wrong in you to tell it.

John. Very wrong, indeed; but you mustn't keep me waiting here, or I shan't be in time for the two young gentlemen as master's expecting.

Diana. Two young gentlemen! Ha! ha! then that's the secret, eh?

John. (*With a long whistle.*) I've let it out! Oh, dear! You won't tell master? (*Blubbering.*)

Diana. On one condition I'll hold my tongue, — that you saddle Cossack for me directly.

John. I'm off! (*Runs out at* C., *at the top of his speed.*)

Angel. O sister, sister, isn't this very shocking? Who can these dreadful men be?

Diana. I don't know, unless it's the parish apothecary and the village schoolmaster. If so, I'll have the apothecary, — he's a little man, so I shall be able to thump him.

Angel. Ah, Diana, you can afford to laugh at these things, but I — heigho! (*Sighs.*)

Diana. May I inquire the meaning of that "heigho"? (*Imitating.*)

Angel. Can't you guess? (*Looking down.*)

Diana. (*Suddenly.*) You mean to say you've got a sweetheart already?

Angel. I — think I have, or something very like it.

Diana. Oh, what fun! (*Clapping her hands.*) And, pray, who is this Mr. "something very like it"?

Angel. Don't you remember our cousins, Frank and Charles Topham?

Diana. Of course I do. Charley was a regular chum of mine, — he wanted to teach me to smoke!

Angel. (*Enthusiastically.*) And I perfectly doated on Frank!

Diana. But that's five years ago; we were children then, — mere *babbies!*

Angel. (*Sighing.*) True. And as I have never seen or heard from Frank since he went to the college at Paris, I suppose he has forgotten me.

Diana. But that's no reason we should marry the first man who asks us. I shan't!

Angel. Well, I suppose I must obey my good old uncle; but

few girls have my meekness of disposition, — few would marry a man they had never seen. O Frank, it's a terrible business, but — (*Sobbing*) in the mean time, I may as well go and make myself as captivating as I possibly can. *Exit, sobbing,* R.

Diana. John! (*Shouting.*)

Enter JOHN, *running and carrying a small whip,* C.

John. Cossack be saddled, Miss Di—ana.

Diana. (*Taking whip.*) Thank'e John, — I'll such a gallop. Here's for your pains. (*Gives him two or three lashes, and runs off,* C. *and* L.)

Frank. (*Without,* R.H.U.E.) Not a creature to be seen! What does it all mean?

Enters at C., *and seeing* JOHN, *who is rubbing his shoulder.*

Oh, here's something alive at last, and a lively article he looks. (*Giving* JOHN *a violent slap on the back.*) Holloa, friend!

John. (*With a start.*) I say, young fellew, you shouldn't walk into a house without giving a body notice. (*Rubbing his shoulder.*)

Frank. Oh, I didn't knock hard enough, eh! Then here goes again. (*Giving* JOHN *another slap on the shoulder.*)

John. What are you? Are you one of the foreign legion, or a fireman?

Frank. Where's your master?

John. Lathering himself.

Frank. Oh! shaving, eh?

John. Well, I don't know what you do, zur, but master lathers first and shaves afterwards.

Frank. Give him this. (*Giving* JOHN *a card.*)

John. Ees, zur.

Frank. And tell him I'm here.

John. Ees.

Frank. You've heard the name before, eh?

John. I can't say, zur, till I hear it again.

Frank. You can read, I suppose?

John. Well, I don't see why I shouldn't, but I never tried.

Frank. I should very much like to see Miss Diana.

John. Well, zur, I'm sure I don't prevent you.

Frank. Where is she? She's not lathering herself, I presume?

John. No, zur. (*Aside.*) She always lathers *me.* (*Aloud and suddenly.*) Oh, I see; you be the young gentleman as is come a sweethearting to Miss Di! Ah, zur, you be a lucky chap — you be.

Frank. She's a charming creature, eh?

John. I believe'e, zur — I give you joy; I do, indeed, zur. (*In a jeering tone — aside.*) I wouldn't be in his boots for a trifle.

Frank. (*Aside.*) I do believe the fellow's quizzing me. (*Aloud.*) Announce me to your master. (*Angrily.*)

John. Ees, zur. How happy you will be, to be sure! (*Aside.*) If they don't come to fisticuffs before the honeymoon's out, I'm a Dutchman!

Frank. Zounds! are you going? (*Threatening* JOHN *with his whip.*)

John. Ees, zur — so mild — so gentle! (*Runs off,* L.H.)

Frank. What the deuce was that fellow grinning about, I wonder? It's just five years since I have seen either of my cousins. Angelica was *rather* my favorite playfellow of the two; but as Uncle Pepper wishes me to marry Diana, I suppose I must; especially as she seems to be so remarkably *amiable.*

Major. (*Without.*) Where is he? Where's the dear boy?

MAJOR *enters, hurriedly,* L.H.

Major. Oh, there he is! Frank, my boy, come to my arms. (*Embrace.*) But where's your brother,— where's Charley?

Frank. Why, the fact is, he was struck by the venerable appearance of your village pump, and stopped to make a sketch of it; but he'll be here directly.

Major. Not very flattering to Angelina, ha! ha! Let me look at you. A very fine young fellow, indeed! Di will be delighted with you, as I am. I say, Frank — such a charming creature! You're a lucky dog! — such eyes! — such lips!

Frank. And such a mild and *gentle* disposition — eh, uncle? (*With intention.*)

Major. Yes! yes! (*Aside.*) I needn't tell him what a little devil she is; he's sure to find it out. (*Aloud.*) You're all anxiety to see her. (*Poking* FRANK *in the side.*) I'll soon have her here. Here, Di! Di! — hark! I hear her step. (*Seeing the door at* L.H. *opening.*) Here she comes! (*Without looking at* JOHN, *who enters, the* MAJOR *takes him by the hand, and leads him forward.*) Don't be shy, my dear — ha! ha! There, Frank, what do you think of her, eh? Isn't she a beauty? (*Seeing* JOHN.) What the devil are you doing here?

John. That's what I want to know. You brings I down by the hand, and calls I a beauty.

Major. Get out, you scoundrel! (*Furious.*)

John. You're at it again! (*Runs out at* C.)

Major. (*Seeing door* R.H. *open.*) Ah, this is Angelina. (*Meeting her and bringing her down;* ANGELINA *hanging back, and keeping her eyes fixed on the ground.*) Come along, my dear; here's a gentleman who's particularly anxious to be presented to you.

Frank. How beautiful she's grown!

Angel. (*Aside.*) I'm afraid to look at the odious creature! I'm sure he's old and ugly!

Frank. My dear cousin!

Angel. Eh? Frank! Oh, I'm so delighted! (*Giving him both her hands — aside.*) Then this is my intended husband — O Frank!

Major. Ha! ha! ha! But I've got a still more agreeable surprise in store for you, my dear. Charley — Charley will be here directly. Ha! ha! ha!

Angel. (R.) Charley? Oh, yes, I know who you mean.

Major. (C.) Well, I should rather think you did, considering he's your intended husband.

Angel. My husband? Charley!

Major. Why, what's the matter with you?

Angel. Me? Nothing! (*Aside and almost crying.*) Here's a dreadful disappointment!

John. (*Without.*) Oh, dear! oh, dear!

Enter JOHN, C. *from* L.

Where's master? oh, dear! oh, dear!

Major. What the devil's the matter now?

John. Oh, that I should ever live to tell it!

Major. Tell it? tell what?

John. (*To* FRANK.) Your brother, zur, poor young gentleman —

Frank. My brother — speak! what has happened?

John. Well, zur, as he was riding up here along the road —

Major. Oh, with the impatience of a lover, as hard as he could gallop of course? eh? (*Looking knowingly at* ANGELINA.)

John. No, zur; quite a jogglety, jogglety, comfortable sort of a trot, sir. Oh, dear! oh, dear!

Major. (*Furiously.*) Don't make such an infernal bellowing.

John. Well, zur, all of a sudden what should he see come flying over the hedge but the piebald pony, with Miss Di on his back! Oh, dear! oh, dear!

Major. Well! well!

John. And before he'd time to get out of his way, the piebald pony comes slap against him, and rolls him and his horse over and over. Oh, dear! oh, dear!

Major. Bless me — where — where is he?

John. In the summer-house.

Frank. Let me fly to him. (*Rushes out,* C.)

Major. (*To* JOHN.) Run for the doctor!

John. Ees, zur! (*Runs out,* C. *and* L.) (ANGELINA *sinks in chair,* L.C.)

Major. (*To* ANGELINA.) My poor Angelina! But here's Di!

Enter DIANA *hurriedly*, C. *from* L.

Major. (*Crosses to* C.) Well, how's poor Charles?

Diana. (R.) Better, much better, I am happy to say.; 'tis a very slight sprain of the shoulder; but I shudder to think what a serious accident my folly might have occasioned. I'll never ride again — never! (*Trying to break her whip.*)

Enter FRANK, C.

Frank. Ha! ha! you needn't put that poor unhappy little whip of yours to the torture, Cousin Di; Charles will be all right again in a few hours.

Major. Then suppose we go and see the poor fellow; eh, Angelina?

Diana. Yes; let's go and see the poor fellow. (*Taking the* MAJOR'S *arm and pulling him towards* C.)

Major. No, no, not you, Miss Madcap. You stop with Frank. After five years' separation it isn't improbable you may have something to say to one another, eh? (*Knowingly, and winking at her.*)

Diana. (*Aside, and pouting.*) I don't like Angelina's going to nurse poor dear Charles at all! (*Goes* R.H.)

Angel. (*Aside.*) It isn't at all pleasant leaving Diana and Frank together. Charles can't possibly want me.

Major. Leave Di and Frank to settle their own affairs; you go and cheer up poor Charles. (ANGELINA *tears her handkerchief with rage.*) Holloa! holloa! what are you tearing your handkerchief into ever so many pieces for?

Angel. Tearing it — am I? (*Showing handkerchief all in tatters.*)

Major. "Am I?" It looks rather like it! Oh, I see! to make bandages for poor Charles' shoulder — so like you. See how considerate she is. So come along. (*To* ANGELINA, *who sulkily turns her back.*) Are you coming, or are you not?

Diana. (*Hastily.*) Don't you see, uncle, she's afraid the sight will be too much for her? You'd better let me go instead of her. (*About to run off.*)

Major. Stop where you are, Miss Di. Come along, my dear. (*To* ANGELINA, *and taking her arm under his.*) Don't you see that the billing and cooing can't begin till we are gone? Ha! ha! (*Goes out,* C., *dragging* ANGELINA *with him, who keeps looking anxiously back at* DIANA *and* FRANK.)

Diana. (*Aside.*) He's not a patch upon Charley. (R.H.)

Frank. (*Aside* — L.) Angelina's worth a dozen of her.

Diana. (*Aside.*) I'll make myself so disagreeable — I'll squint.

Frank. (*Aside.*) I suppose I ought to say something tender, but I don't seem to care about it. Ahem!

Diana. Umph! (*Without looking at him.*) Well!

Diana. Umph! (*Without looking at him.*) Well!

Frank. So you don't mean to ride any more, eh? That's a pity. It isn't every young lady who can take a pony over a hedge like you, to say nothing of rolling over a poor inoffensive equestrian into the bargain. Ha! ha!

Diana. (*Sharply.*) I don't see anything to laugh at, Frank, and I don't like being quizzed.

Frank. Quizzed! I'm quite serious! there's nothing I admire so much as an accomplished dashing horsewoman. Oh! how delightful it will be, when we take our gallops together! You know our worthy uncle's intentions?

Diana. Oh, yes! I know my fate, and I hope I shall meet it with becoming resignation.

Frank. (*Nettled.*) Resignation! Miss Diana Pepper!

Diana. Resignation! Mr. Francis Topham!

Frank. Oh! then I presume you're not frantically attached to me?

Diana. I have the bad taste to be utterly indifferent to you.

Frank. My dear Di! I'm the happiest fellow alive!

Diana. My dear Frank, I'm delighted to hear you say so. (*They shake hands with great cordiality.*)

Frank. Then I may tell Uncle Pepper that we can never be man and wife?

Diana. Certainly! and that my only reason for not loving you to distraction —

Frank. Is, that you abominate me to detestation?

Diana. Exactly!

Frank. My dear Di, give me a kiss.

Diana. A hundred, if you like! Recollect, I can't endure you.

Frank. Capital!

Diana. I hate the sight of you!

Frank. Delightful! (*Kisses* DI.) Delicious! And now hey for Uncle Pepper. (*Running up against* JOHN, *who enters at* C. *from* L.) Get out of the way! (*Giving him two or three lashes with his whip, and running out,* C.)

Diana. Oh, what a shame! Poor John! and did that naughty cousin of mine hurt your shoulder? (*Soothingly.*) Perhaps a glass of wine will do you good?

John. (*Grinning.*) I don't know, I'm sure; but there be no harm in trying. (DIANA *pours out a glass of wine and gives it to* JOHN, *who drinks it.*)

Diana. (R.) Tell me, John, did Cousin Charles seem very much delighted when he first saw Angelina?

John. Well, I don't remember!

Diana. But try, John; I particularly wish you to remember.

John. Do you, miss? Perhaps if I was to take another glass of wine —

Diana. Certainly, help yourself! (JOHN *tosses off another.*)

John. Well, then, Master Charles didn't seem to care much about it.

Diana. (*Delighted.*) And what did he say to her?

John. I don't exactly recollect; but perhaps if I was to take another glass of wine. (*Drinks another glass.*) The only thing I heard him say to Miss Angelina was to ask her where *you* were.

Diana. (*Delighted.*) Yes! yes!

John. And every time the door of the summer-house opened, he looked so eager at it, as if he was expecting to see —

Diana. (*Anxiously.*) Who? who?

John. Well, I can't say for certain; but perhaps if I was to take another glass of wine — (DIANA *stops him.*) As if he was expecting to see *you!*

Diana. O you dear, good John! (MAJOR *and* ANGELINA'S *voices heard disputing.*)

Diana. What can the matter be?

Angelina. (*Without, and in a very loud and angry tone of voice.*) It's downright tyranny, and I won't submit to it.

Enter ANGELINA, C. *from* L., *speaking.*

I repeat, I won't submit to it! I won't! I won't! (*Stamping her feet,* R.)

Diana. My dear Angelina!

Angel. Don't speak to me, miss! (*Sharply, crosses to* L.H.)

John. Lor — Miss Angelina!

Angel. Mind your own business, sir! (*Turning sharply on* JOHN, *and slapping his face, who retreats — she walks up* C.)

John. (*Aside.*) Here be another change! Ecod! we should never judge by appearances.

Angel. O Diana, forgive me for speaking so crossly; but I'm so wretched — so miserable; — but I won't have him, I'm determined!

Diana. Have him! have who?

Angel. Cousin Charles! Uncle says I shall,— I say I *won't!* No! I'd rather — I'd rather — die an old maid, there!

John. (*Soothingly.*) But, Miss Angelina —

Angel. (*Angrily.*) Hold your tongue, you horrid, stupid, gawky, ugly creature!

Diana. But, Angelina, let us reason with our good old uncle.

Angel. He's not a good old uncle! he's a cruel, hard-hearted, barbarous tyrant! (*Passionately — sits.*)

Diana. (*Round in front to her,* L.H.) But still if we were to argue the matter with him calmly and respectfully —

Angel. So I did — I did — I did! I told him I wouldn't marry a man I didn't love for all the uncles in the universe, and I won't — I won't! Oh! I'm in such a passion, I should like to beat somebody. (*Slaps table.*)

Diana. Why is this, Angelina? Not an hour ago you were all gentleness — submission and gentleness.

Angel. Why? why? because an hour ago I didn't know I had a temper and a spirit of my own! but I find I have; and what's

more, I'll let everybody know it! I'll let my uncle know it! and if I marry Charles, I'll let *him* know it. (*Marching rapidly*, R.H.)

Diana. (*To* JOHN.) What do you think of *this*, John?

John. I don't exactly know what to think on't; but perhaps if I was to take another glass of wine — (*About to help himself.*)

Major. (*Without.*) Well, what next, I wonder?

Enter MAJOR, *hurriedly*, C. *from* L.

I repeat, what next, I wonder? So, Miss Di — you've actually had the cruelty to tell poor Frank that you abominate him to detestation?

Diana. My dear uncle —

Major. Poo! poo! don't dear uncle me! (*To* ANGELINA.) And you, too, Miss Angelina, there's poor Charles crying out for his barley-water, and there's nobody to give it to him.

Angel. Give it to him yourself! (*Abruptly.*)

Major. (*Staggers*, L.H.) Why, you good-for-nothing, mutinous little rebel,— Holloa! (*Seeing* DIANA *running out*, C.) Where the deuce are you going to?

Diana. (*As she runs out.*) To give poor Charley his barley-water. (*Runs out* C. *and* L.)

Major. Poo! poo! stop — stop! (*Runs out after her at the top of his speed.*)

Angel. John!

John. Ees, miss!

Angel. My good John,— my dear John!

John. (*Aside.*) Here be another change!

Angel. (*Kindly.*) You know what a kind, indulgent, mistress I have been, John. Don't you, John? (*Angrily.*)

John. Ees, miss. (*Frightened.*)

Angel. (*Pathetically.*) You wouldn't — you couldn't see me die of a broken heart, John? (*Passionately.*) Could you, John?

John. (*Whimpering.*) No, miss!

Angel. You'll help me to make my escape, won't you? You'll take me to London, to my dear old Aunt Miller, eh, John! (*Very angrily.*) Eh, John!

FRANK *enters behind*, C. *from* L., *and listens.*

She'll never suffer me to be married to a man I don't love, when there's another I do love with my whole heart.

John. Lor, miss — who?

Angel. It's my dear — dear Cousin Frank I love? O John, is he handsome?

John. (*Seeing* FRANK *behind — who holds out his whip in one hand and a purse in the other.*) Ees, miss!

Angel. And so gentle — so good-tempered — so amiable!

John. (*With another look at* FRANK'S *purse and whip.*) Ees, miss.

Angel. And then, John — I hope — I mean — I think he loves *me.*

Frank. (*Flinging purse to* JOHN, *and coming hastily forward.*) I'm sure he does, dearly and devotedly loves you, my sweet Cousin Angelina!

Angel. O Frank, what will Uncle Pepper say?

Frank. Whatever Uncle Pepper likes!

DIANA *runs in,* C. *from* L.

Diana. O Angelina! — O Frank! Here comes Uncle Pepper, and in such a passion; Charles swears he won't marry you. (*To* ANGELINA.)

Angel. And I swear I won't marry Charles!

Diana. And I declare I won't marry *you.* (*To* FRANK.)

Frank. And I'll be hanged if I marry *you.* (*To* DIANA.)

Major. (*Without.*) Where are they — where are they?

Diana. }
Angel. } O lud! (*Each trying to push the other forward.*)
Frank. }

Enter MAJOR *followed by* JOHN, C. *from* L.

Major. So — here you are — you good-for-nothing, mutinous rebels.

Diana. }
Angel. } My dear uncle!
Frank. }

Major. Poo! poo! Hang me if I can tell what's come to you all, — why, even Charles — the quiet, gentle Charles, — when I offered him his barley-water just now, chucked it out of the window, jug and all, and swore he wouldn't take it from any other hands than those of his dear darling cousin Di's!

Frank. Ha! ha! bravo, Charley!

Diana. Yes! bravo, Charley!

Major. Hold your tongue! Ha! ha! a very likely matter, indeed, that I am going to see my plan of the campaign upset by a parcel of boys and girls.

John. (*Aside.*) Ecod, I begin to think the young 'uns be the best generals after all.

Angel. (*Crossing to* MAJOR.) I'm very sorry, uncle, but if I marry at all, it shall be with Frank, and Frank only!

Frank. And Frank only — stick to that, cousin!

Diana. (L.C.) In that case, uncle, of course I *must* try and make myself happy with Charley.

Major. Eh! (*Looking alternately at the others.*) Well, as I seem to lie in a glorious minority of one, I suppose I'd better give my consent. (*General joy.*) But depend upon it you are all wrong, as you will find out when it's too late to repent.

Angel. Repent! with Frank? (*Affectionately to* FRANK.)

Frank. With Angelina! (*Tenderly to* ANGELINA.)

Diana. With Charley! (*Enthusiastically.*)

Major. (*Drawing them to him, and then knowingly.*) "DON'T JUDGE BY APPEARANCES."

CURTAIN.

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